

Jim. Fisk. or never go back on the poor.
1st verse.

Of you listen a while & I will sing you a song
Of this glorious land of the free.

And the difference I'll show twix the rich & the ^{poor}
In a trial by jury you see.

If you've plenty of stamps you can hold up your
head and walk from your own prison door.

But they'll hang you up high if you're no
Let the rich go but hang up the poor. (friends or gold
3rd verse

Let me speak of a man now dead in his grave
As good a man as ever was born.

Jim Fisk was his name and his money he gave
To the outcast the poor and forlorn.

He all know that he loved both women & wine
But his heart it was true & ain't pure.

He lived like a prince in his palace of fire
But he never went back on the poor.

2nd verse.

Jim Fisk was a man wore his heart in his sleeve
No matter what people may say.

He did all his deeds both for good and for bad
In the broad open light of the day

With his grand eye in hand on the beach at long
He cut a great dash to be sure. (Jim Fisk

But Chicago's great fire showed the world that
With his wealth still remembered the poor.

4th verse.

Now what do you think of this trial of Stokes
Who murdered this friend of the poor.

Of such men get free is there any one safe.
To step from outside their own door.
Is there one law for the rich and one for the poor

It seems so, at least so they say.
If they hang up the poor why hadn't the rich.
Ought to swing up the very same way.
"Chorus is"

After 1st verse.
In the trial's for murder we have now a day.
The rich ones get off swift and easy.
With their millions to pay to both jury & judge
You can bet they'll go back on the poor.
After 2nd verse.

Of a man was in trouble Fisk would help him
To drive the grim wolf from his door.
He ~~show~~ ^{show} to do right but he may have done wrong
But he never went back on the poor.

After 3rd verse. [night]
When the telegraph came that the homeless that
Was starving to death slow but sure.
A lightning express sent by noble Jim Fisk.
Flew to feed all the hungry and poor.
after 4th verse.

Don't show any favour to friend or to foe,
The beggar or prince at your door.
But the millionaire, you must hang up also.
But never go back on the poor."

Groom. Mr. S. S. Smith.
Et."

his Dearest & ever beloved pet.
Miss Abbie Kelley."